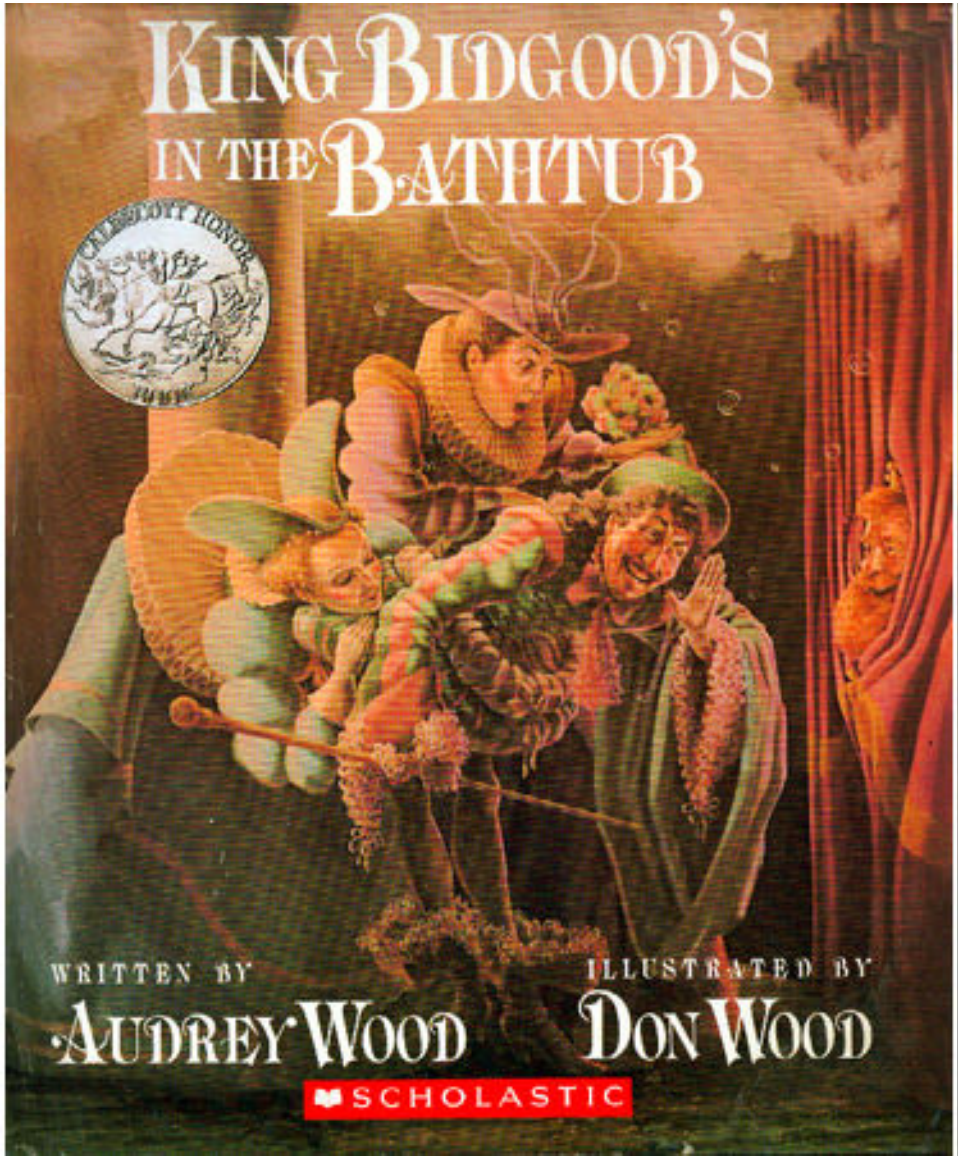
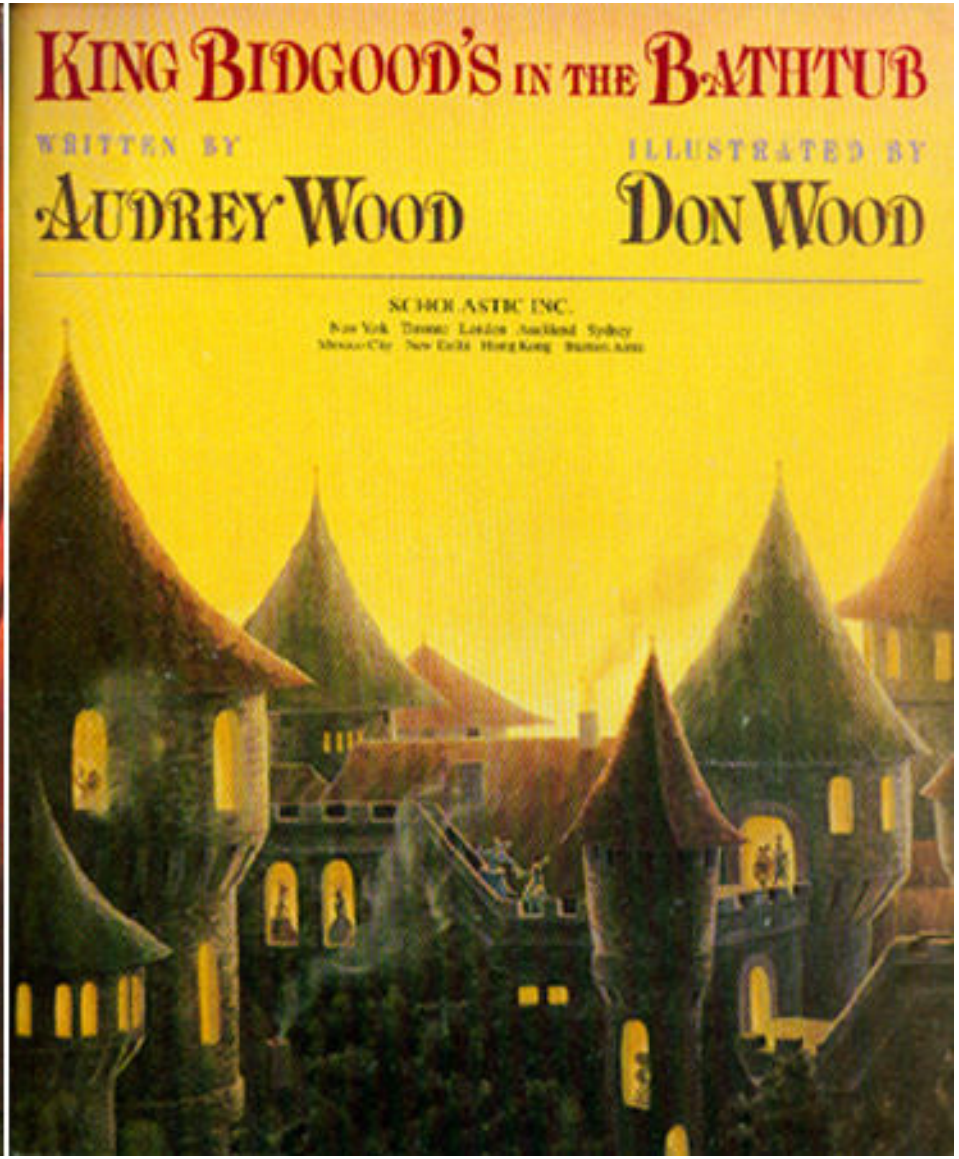
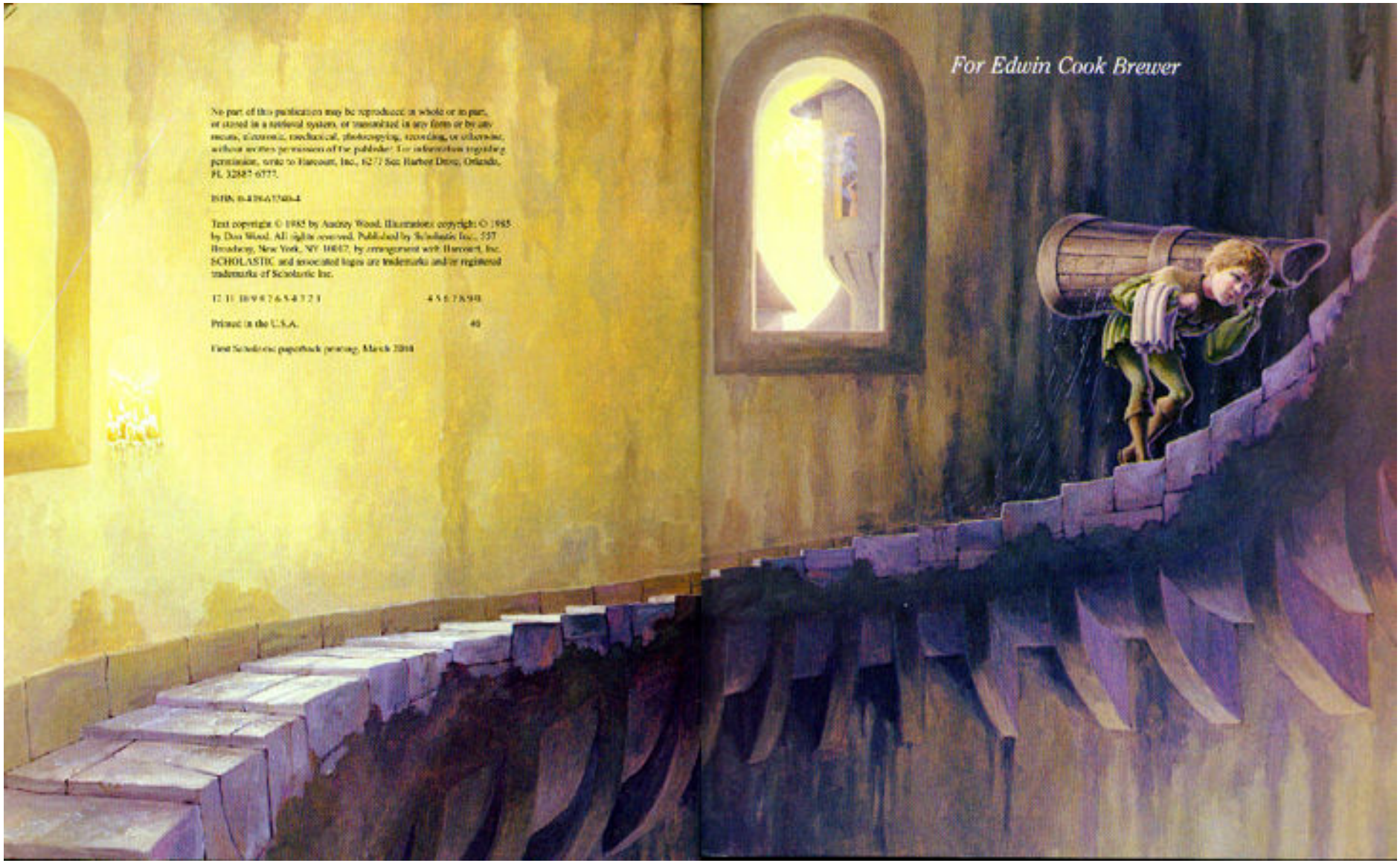

KING BIDGOOD'S
IN THE BATHTUB
CALDECOTT HONOR
WRITTEN BY
AUDREY WOOD
ILLUSTRATED BY
DON WOOD
SCHOLASTIC


KING BIDGOOD'S IN THE BATHTUB
WRITTEN BY
AUDREY WOOD
ILLUSTRATED BY
DON WOOD
SCHOLASTIC INC.



No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, FL 32887-6777.

ISBN: 0-439-67503-4

Text copyright © 1985 by Audrey Wood. Illustrations copyright © 1985 by Don Wood. All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, by arrangement with Harcourt, Inc. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 4 5 6 7 8/0

Printed in the U.S.A. 40

First Scholastic paperback printing, March 2008

For Edwin Cook Brewer

“Help! Help!” cried the Page when the sun came up.
“King Bidwood’s in the bathtub, and he won’t get out!
Oh, who knows what to do?”

"I do!" cried the Knight when the sun came up.
"Get out! It's time to battle!"
"Come in!" cried the king, with a boom, boom, boom.

"Today we battle in the tub!"

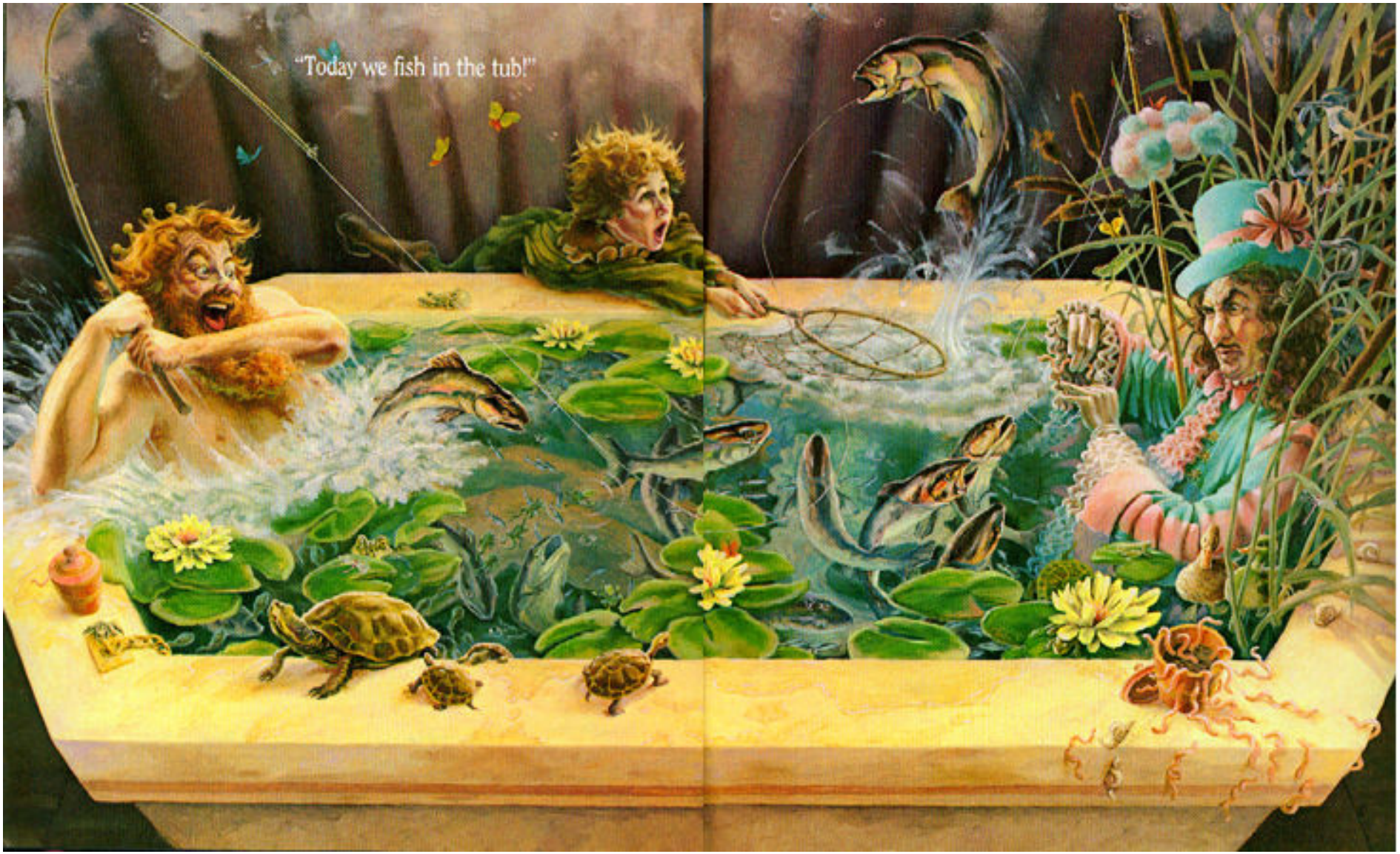
"Help! Help!" cried the Page when the sun got hot.
"King Bidwood's in the bathtub, and he won't get out!
Oh, who knows what to do?"

"I do!" cried the Queen when the sun got hot.
"Get out! It's time to lunch!"
"Come in!" cried the king, with a yum, yum, yum.

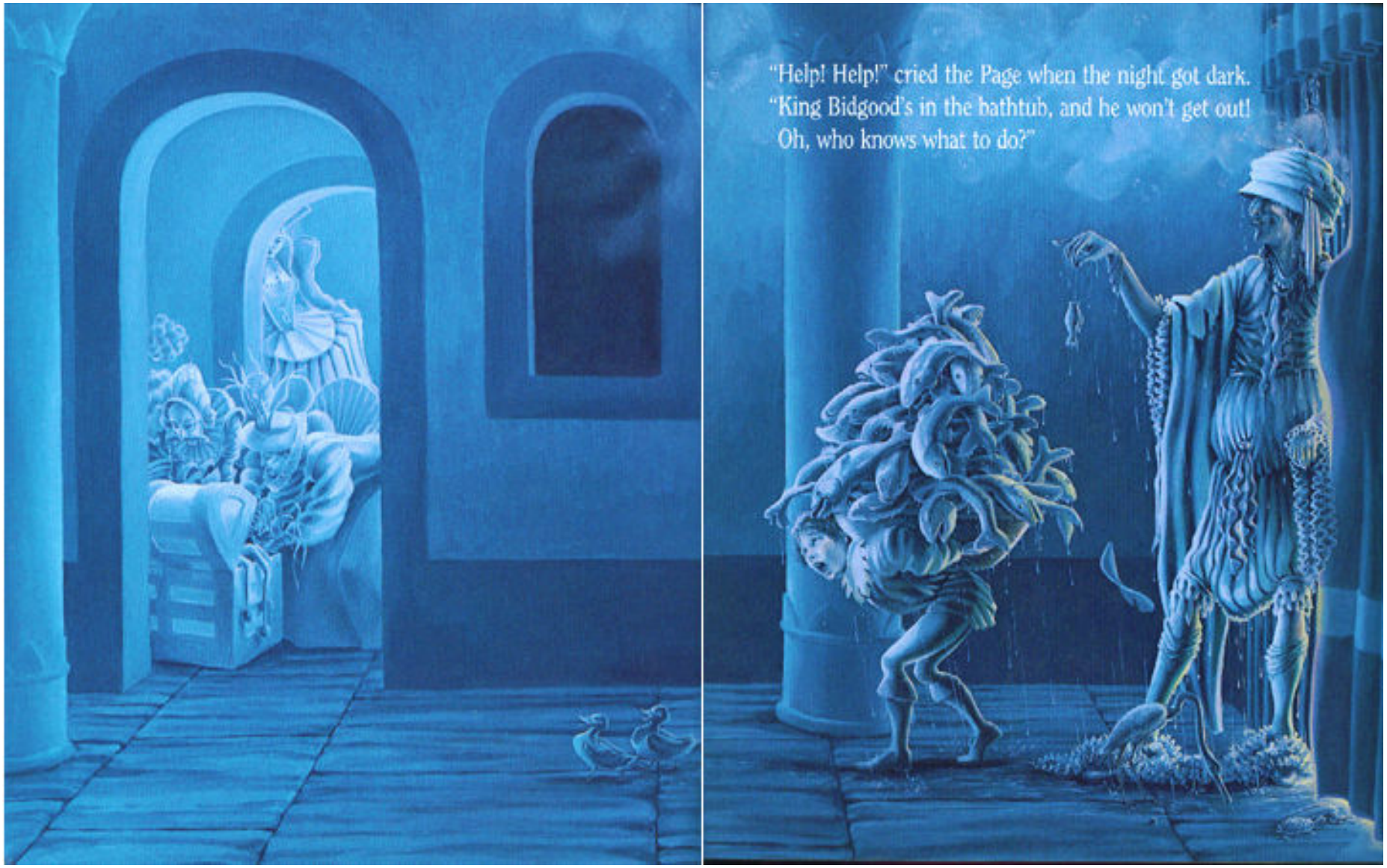
"Today we lunch in the tub!"

"Help! Help!" cried the Page when the sun sank low.
"King Bidwood's in the bathtub, and he won't get out!
Oh, who knows what to do?"

"I do!" cried the Duke when the sun sank low.
"Get out! It's time to fish!"
"Come in!" cried the king, with a trout, trout, trout.



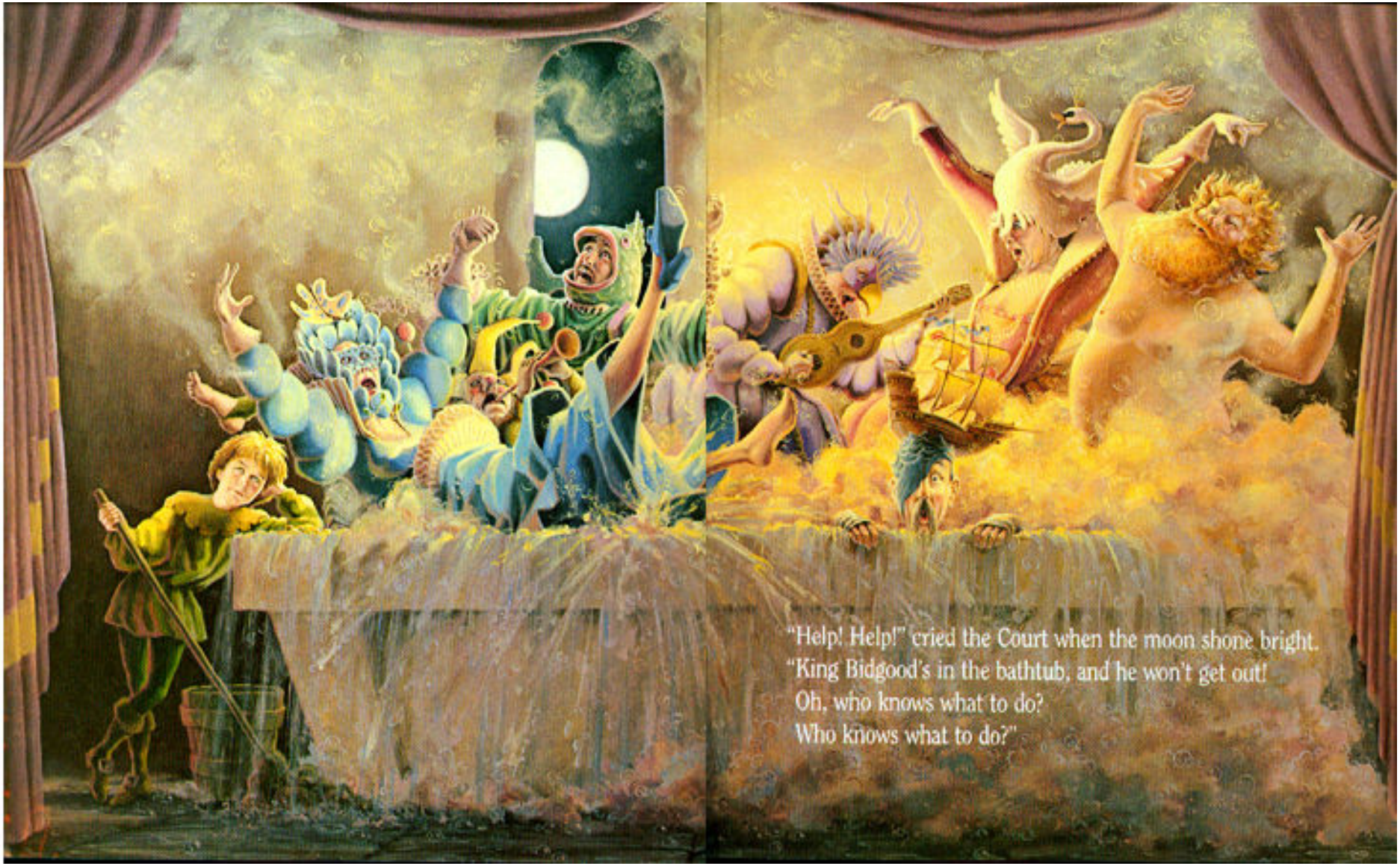
"Today we fish in the tub!"



“Help! Help!” cried the Page when the night got dark.
“King Bidwood’s in the bathtub, and he won’t get out!
Oh, who knows what to do?”

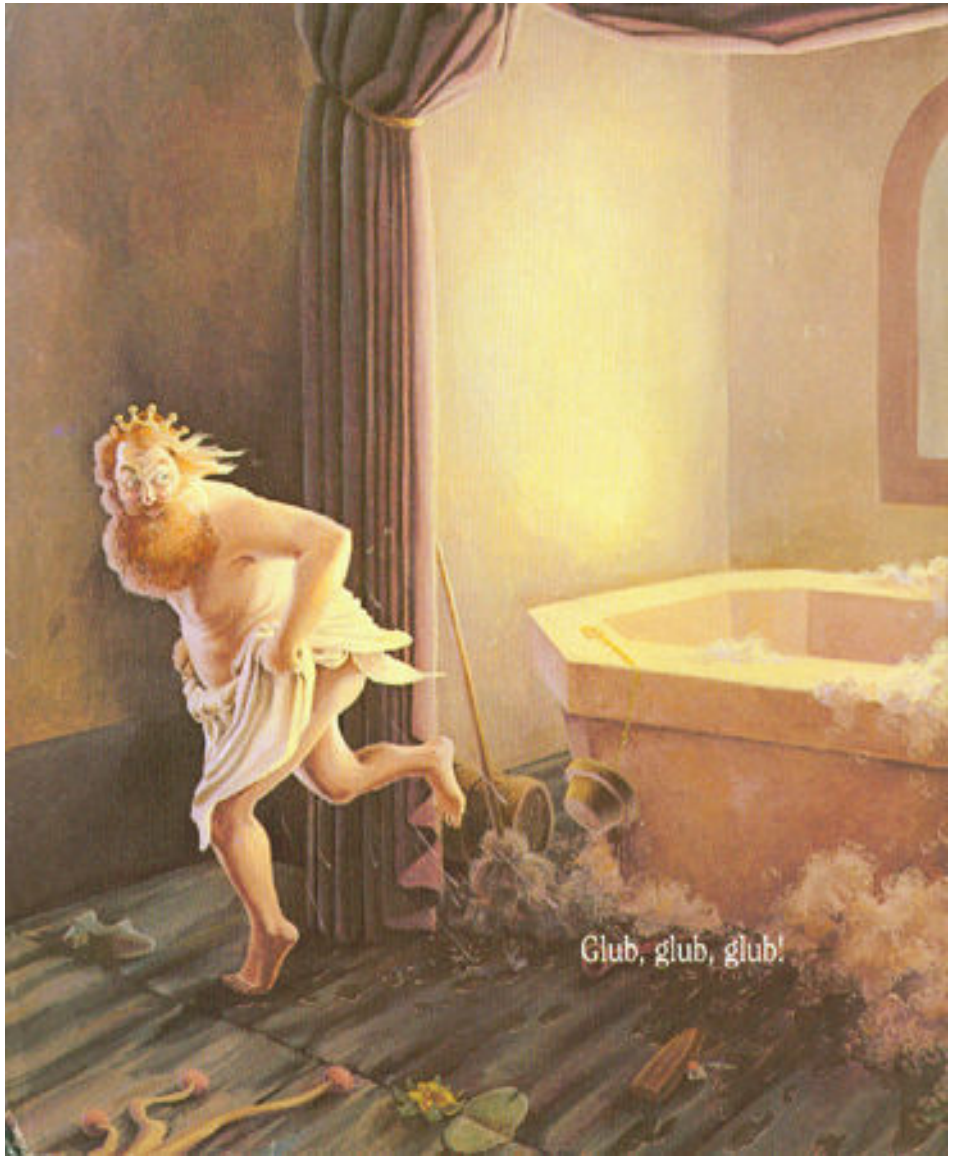
"We do!" cried the Court when the night got dark.
"Get out for the Masquerade Ball!"
"Come in!" cried the king, with a jig, jig, jig.

"Tonight we dance in the tub!"


"Help! Help!" cried the Court when the moon shone bright.
"King Bidgood's in the bathtub, and he won't get out!
Oh, who knows what to do?
Who knows what to do?"

“Help! Help!” cried the Court when the moon shone bright.
“King Bidwood’s in the bathtub, and he won’t get out!
Oh, who knows what to do? Who knows what to do?”

I do!” cried the Page when the moon shone bright, and then he pulled the plug.



Glub, glub, glub!

END